

ANN LANDERS



You Have Two Choices

Dear Ann Landers: Am I living in the dark ages or do I expect too much of my husband? Cocktail parties are my problem.

We walk into a cocktail party and off my husband goes for an hour or two or three. Occasionally, he'll whiz by and shout, "How are you doing?" But he's gone before I'm able to reply, "I'm doing absolutely lousy, thank you. I've been trapped by the world's biggest bores and my feet are killing me."

When I tell my husband I hate being stranded at cocktail parties but I could tolerate them if he would stay with me, he replies, "I don't like them myself, but it's an opportunity to make important contacts and just being seen is good for business. I can talk to YOU at home."

Am I being immature, as my husband insists? What can I do to cure him of abandoning me at these grueling affairs?—IGNORED WIFE

Dear Wife: You have two choices, lady. Either go to the cocktail parties with your husband and be prepared to fend off the bores, or stay at home where you probably will feel twice as sorry for yourself.

Dear Ann Landers: I'm a 14-year-old girl who is writing to you because if I confessed this to anyone they'd think I was nuts.

This summer I went to Norway with my parents. So many wonderful things happened on the trip. When I came home, I felt all grown up.

Before I went away I hated doing dishes and making beds, and cooking and baking. Now I find housekeeping is a lot of fun. And do you know why? Because I pretend I am grown up and the house is mine. I even have an imaginary husband. Do you think I am crazy, Ann?—MISS PRETEND

Dear Miss: No, I don't. It's fun to pretend. And as long as you KNOW you are pretending there is no harm in it. As it says in the song, if you want your dream to come true, you have to have a dream.

I'm printing your letter in the hope that other teen-agers who hate housework might get an idea. (If it works, millions of mothers will bless you!)

Dear Ann Landers: Last September I married a divorcee who has an 18-year-old son. Before we were married, she persuaded me to permit the boy to live with us until February when he would volunteer for the army.

February has come and gone and the boy is still here. He is mouthy, insolent, arrogant, and he also is wrecking our marriage.

When I came from work tonight my wife was crying. She said the boy had been baiting her all day. They argue constantly and he gets on her nerves but she has never disciplined him.

The boy has a job and is self-supporting. He gets along fairly well with his father who is unmarried. I feel he should go live there. I hate to make my wife choose between the boy and me, but that's the way things are headed. What is your opinion of this mess?—ON THE EDGE

Dear Edge: Remind your wife of the agreement that the boy would leave in February. But don't give her an ultimatum. It could wreck your marriage. Speak your piece and let's hope she has sense enough to do what should have been done in February.

Do you feel ill at ease . . . out of it? Is everybody having a good time but you? Write for Ann Landers' booklet, "The Key to Popularity," enclosing with your request 25 cents in coin and a lot of self-addressed, stamped envelopes. Ann Landers will be glad to help you with your problems. Send them to her in care of the Press-Herald, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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FINAL TOUCHES . . . Arthur Brown, an art student at El Camino College, adds the final touches to the latest addition to the college's Madonna Row, a reproduction of a 15th Century French illustrated manuscript from the "Book of the Hours." The new painting, along with others in the Madonna Row collection, will be displayed at the college beginning Friday. The display will continue through Jan. 3.



SWINGING SPORT . . . Martin Schlack, a third grade student at Sepulveda School, works on a pot holder for his mother as part of a class project in which 32 boys and girls are learning to knit. Students asked for a lesson in the art of needlework after reading a story during class. Two mothers, Mrs. James Worden and Mrs. Glenn Frame, are helping with the lessons.

A HOLIDAY YARN

Third Graders Give Teacher the Needle

Knitting at one time may have been the chief pastime of the rocking chair set, but for 32 third grade students at Sepulveda School it's strictly a swinging sport.

When Mrs. Odessa Deberry, a teacher at Sepulveda School, read her class a yarn about knitting, the students started to needle her to get them some yarn.

Two mothers also got the point and volunteered to help Mrs. Deberry with her new teaching chore. Mrs. James Worden and Mrs. Glenn Frame have joined the class for 20 minutes every day for the past four weeks as 32 sets of knitting needles click.

Results of the project will be 32 hand-knitted pot holders, which students plan to tuck into Christmas stockings for their mothers.



CONCENTRATION . . . Knitting pot holders for their moms keeps third grade students Devin Smith and Susan Gabrielli busy in Mrs. Odessa Deberry's class at Sepulveda School. Boys and girls asked Mrs. Deberry to teach them something about needlework after reading a story.



PRESENTS CHECK . . . Dr. Edward O. Mitchell (left) president of the Sertoma Club of Torrance, presents a \$500 check to Mrs. Raymond Weiler (right), treasurer of the Torrance Dental Health Association. Witnessing the presentation are Dr. Stanley Challis, president of the Dental Health Association, and Mrs. Dorothy Anderson, school nursing director. Funds will be used to aid underprivileged youngsters in need of dental work. The check was one of three totaling \$1,100 given to the schools by the Sertoma Club.

Torrance Dental Health Group Gets \$500 Check

A \$500 donation by the Sertoma Club of Torrance for dental care of needy youngsters will be turned over to the Torrance Dental Health Association, according to Mrs. Dorothy Anderson, nursing director for the Torrance Unified School District.

The donation, together with a \$500 check for psychiatric services and a \$100 check for welfare, was presented to the district by Dr. Edward O. Mitchell, Sertoma president.

Madonna Row Work Completed

The Nativity Scene from the 15th century manuscript, "Book of the Hours," is the 1966 addition to El Camino College's Madonna Row, to be unveiled Friday in front of the college administration building.

Scheduled to be displayed through Jan. 3, Madonna Row is a traditional part of the Christmas season at El Camino. In addition to the illuminated manuscript, the display includes a valuable stained glass window—a copy of an original from the Cathedral of Chartres, France, several mosaics, and a series of oil paintings of such artists as Raphael, Van Eyck, and El Greco.

The reproductions are lighted for viewing around the clock.

TAKING PART in the unveiling of the latest addition to the collection will be Miss Mildred Walker, art instructor under whose direction the Madonna Row paintings have been made during the past 17 years; John Leadbetter, president of the Board of Trustees, and Dr. Stuart E. Marsee, president of the college.

With a central picture of the Holy Family, the painting

illustrates the entire story of the birth of Christ, Miss Walker said, in describing the manuscript. In the border area, such events as the announcement of the coming of the Messiah and the arrival in Bethlehem are portrayed.

"The lower border shows the Biblical incidents preceding the birth of the Christ-child, and the work is unified by a delicate tracery of trees, flowers and birds," she stated.

"THROUGH manuscripts and artwork of this type, it is possible to trace a reasonably thorough history of medieval thought. These illustrations of scriptures and moralistic teaching first appeared during the reign of Charlemagne, 800 A.D., because of the ruler's desire to capture the 'glories of ancient Rome.'"

"By the 15th century in northern Europe a sense of pagentry and detailed realism dominated the paintings. The gold backgrounds assumed great importance and the figures became more solid. Both characteristics are true of the Nativity Scene," Miss Walker added.

The original Nativity Scene is currently on display in the Biblioteque Nazarine, Paris.

Your Second Front Page

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LANDSCAPING AWARD . . . Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson presents one of 13 national industrial landscaping awards given this year by the American Association of Nurserymen to Lynn M. F. Harriss, executive director of the American Society of Landscape Architects, who accepted on behalf of Ruth Patricia Shellhorn, ASLA, of Torrance. The award was presented by Mrs. Johnson to Ruth Shellhorn and her husband, Harry Kueser, for their landscaping of the Bullock's Fashion Square, Santa Ana. It was one of four awards in California and the only one made for shopping center landscaping.

COUNT MARCO

If You Love Him, Why Hurt Him?

A reader asks, "Where did the expression 'you always hurt the one you love' originate and do you think it is untrue?"

I have no idea where it originated, but this I can tell you: it is absolutely true. If you can't hurt the one you love, whom else can you hurt? Only the ones you love who love you in return can understand your need to hurt and try to forgive you for it.

Many a close friendship has broken up after years because, in a moment of too-closeness, one friend speaks his mind all too honestly. The truth hurts and you can't stand the individual for ever after.

On the other hand, you may soften the truth somewhat when dishing it out to a friend or an acquaintance, but you blast off to the one you love because you feel you have the right to do so.

A rather simple but elo-

quent example of this is where youngsters are concerned. They may disappear for hours, as children thoughtlessly will, and you panic, become hysterical, envisioning all the things that may have happened, regretting the harsh words you used, the spankings you administered, and sobbing mentally, "Oh, if they could only be returned unharmed . . . never again."

Then, when they do show up, you clutch them to your bosom, shed your tears of joy — and then beat the hell out of them for running off without telling you. Hurting the one you love, n'est-ce pas?

This applies to adults as well. A woman acquaintance told me recently that she and her husband had a violent disagreement one evening. He left in a huff and was gone overnight.

She couldn't sleep a wink from brooding over her own harsh remarks that drove him

from the house. During the waking hours she reviewed those miserable moments she caused him and promised herself that if he were truly alive, not lying sick or injured somewhere, she'd beg his forgiveness and never, never let it happen again.

The next morning he finally called, a little the worse for his terrific hangover, and as she said, she threw every nasty word in the book at him, accusing him of infidelity, thoughtlessness and other things she couldn't remember.

Explosive truth is a powerful thing. The words can never be recalled, but at the same time they should act as a warning, not to the recipient, but to the one who finds himself making a habit of uttering them.

Too frequent explosions indicate you are feeling inadequate. In that case save the nasties for your sessions before the mirror where they rightfully belong.